













might not entail any serious inconvenience. He resolved not to mention it, as it could do no good and might occasion anxiety.

"No, I mailed it," was the brief reply.

receives the letter, he is undoubtedly well, since it was mailed in season. I trust he will be here in time."

Mr. Newton felt very uncomfortable. Never before had his beating sin threatened so serious an issue.

Two days after Mrs. Lamson died, and three hours afterwards her son arrived, just too late to receive her parting blessing. It was not known that this was solely owing to Mr. Newton's troublesome habit, but he could not help feeling that this was the case.

It might have been supposed that such an event would have produced a reformation, but

"I will have it ready, never fear!" was the

On his return in the evening, he found to his

surprise that the table was not set, and apparent-

"Why, Mary?" he exclaimed impatiently as he sat with curled legs in the room. "Why is not tea made? I requested particularly that it should be served here it rather than usual, as I wished to attend the lecture at the Town Hall. It commences in half an hour."

"I am very sorry," said his wife, apparently mortified. "The fact is, I forgot all about it. But I'll get it ready immediately."

"No, I can't wait, I'll take a piece of bread and butter, or cake, if you have any at hand, and then I must be off."

Mr. Newton, despite his habit of punctuality, was a snicker upon such points. His world never willingly entered church lanes. This peculiarity of her husband's Mrs. Newton resolved to take advantage of to promote her present

When the last bell was ringing for church on the succeeding Sabbath morning, Mr. Newton descended to the breakfast room, expecting to find his wife in readiness to join him. To his surprise he found her arrayed in her morning dress, sitting on the sofa, very composedly reading a book.

This was so much at variance with her usual practice that he started back in amazement, exclaiming: "Why, Mary, have you forgotten

"To church? Why, it isn't time for church," said she, looking up at affixed surprise.

"Certainly it is. Don't you hear the bell ringing?"

"Why, so it is. I got so much interested in reading this volume that I thought I would defer preparing for church. I had no idea it was so late. But if you will wait a few minutes, I

"I thought you would never be ready," she

Mr. Newton was quite right, they were twenty minutes late. He was beginning to feel the inconvenience to which we may subject others by indulging a single habit.

"I am to attend a public dinner, next Thursday," he announced to his wife, perhaps a week afterwards; "I wish you would have my white vest washed that I may wear it."

"I will think of it," was his wife's answer.

Wednesday night arrived.

"Have you had my vest washed as I directed?" he inquired.

"I quite forgot it, or rather, as I thought it would answer as well to-day, I put it off all then; but surely it escaped my mind this morning."

"I declare! that is too provoking," exclaimed Mr. Newton. "I have come of matters, too. It's

"Do you always priorities upon this rule?" inquired his wife with a meaning smile. "If I were so disposed I might recall a thousand inconveniences to others by your habits of procrastination. Every time I look out of the window, I am reminded of the destruction of my flower-beds, because you neglected to have the fences repaired. But I do not mean to upbraid you. I only wish to show you, by imitating your example for a while, how much trouble and inconvenience may arise from it. As to the rest, I will take care that it shall be ready for you to-morrow."

Mr. Newton lived up to his agreement. He found, that though difficult, it is not impossible to break from the dominion of a breathing habit. So fully accessible is he of the advantages of his present course, that he has inscribed in large letters at one end of his store, the time-honored maxim with which we commenced our sketch: "NEVER PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE TO-DAY."

















